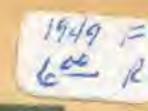






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KID STEWARY



He died once ... he lives forever!

Kid Eternity left this mortal world before his appointed time! But the rulers of the hereafter have given him the power to return among us at will—to summon from the world of Eternity any mighty figure of the past who can help him fight for justice and truth!

I'M MR. KEEPER, THE
ONE APPOINTED TO FOLLOW
KID ETERNITY AROUND AND KEEP
HIM OUT OF TROUBLE! I'VE
TRIED HARD, AND I'LL KEEP
TRYING ... BUT TROUBLE IS
WHAT HE'S ALWAYS

LOOKING

FOR!

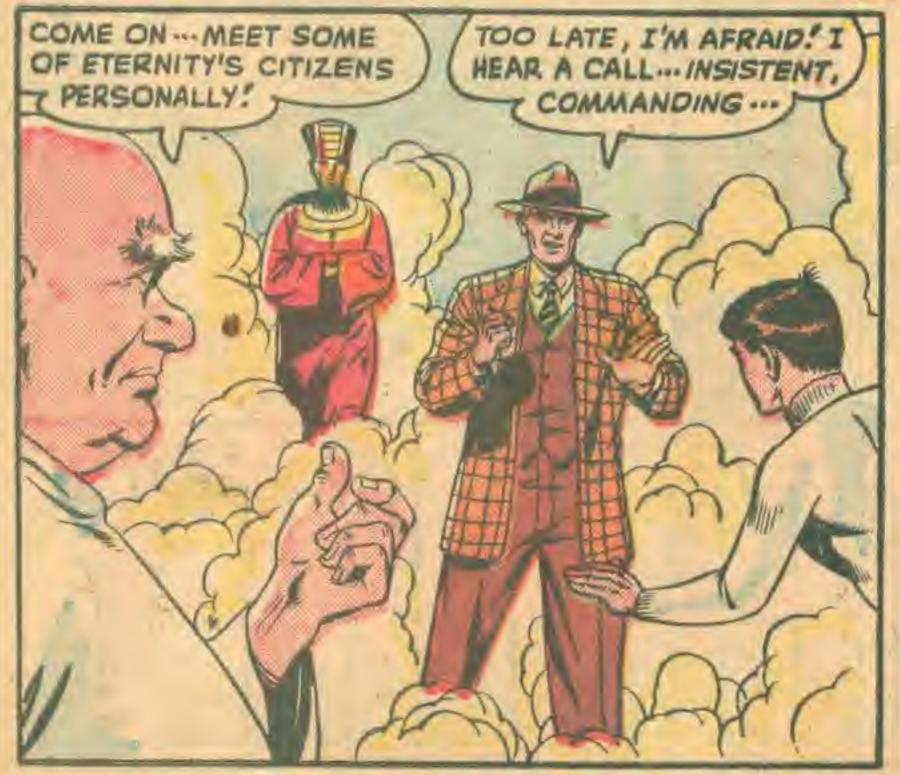






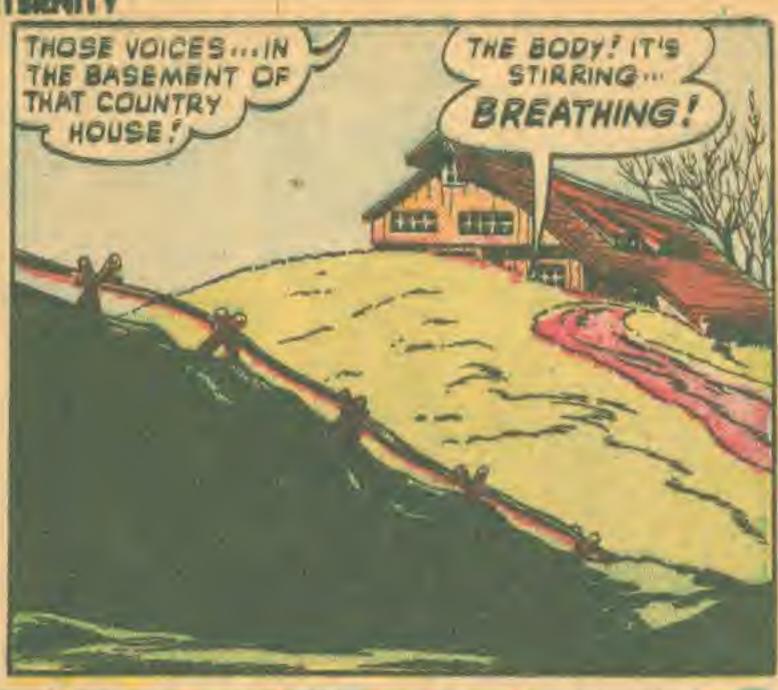






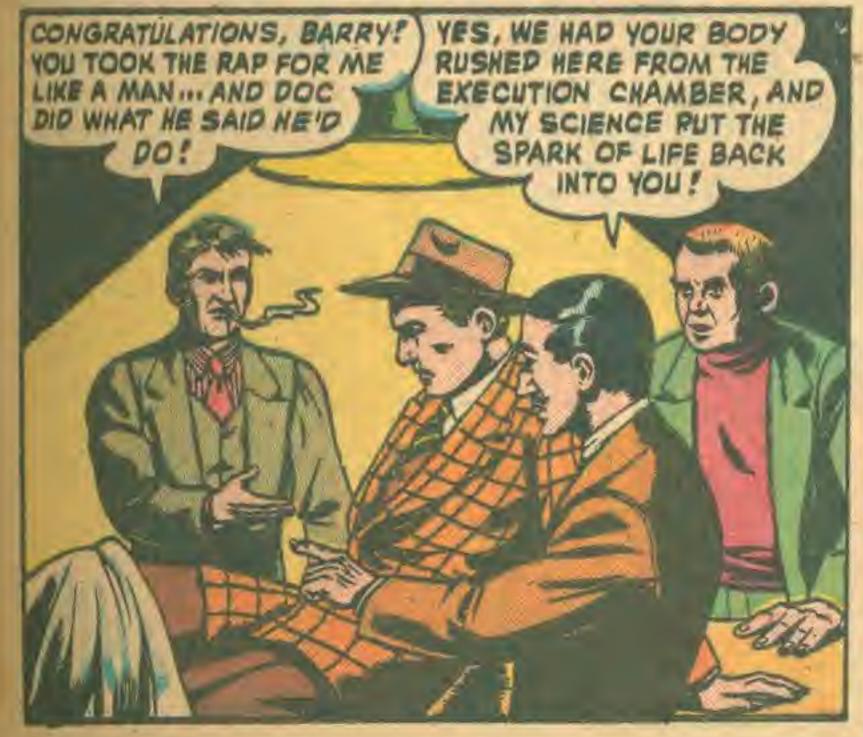


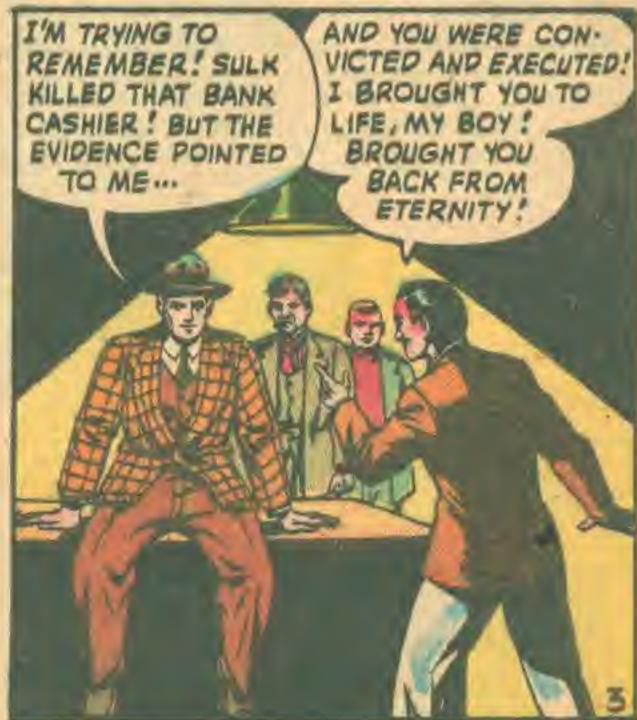






































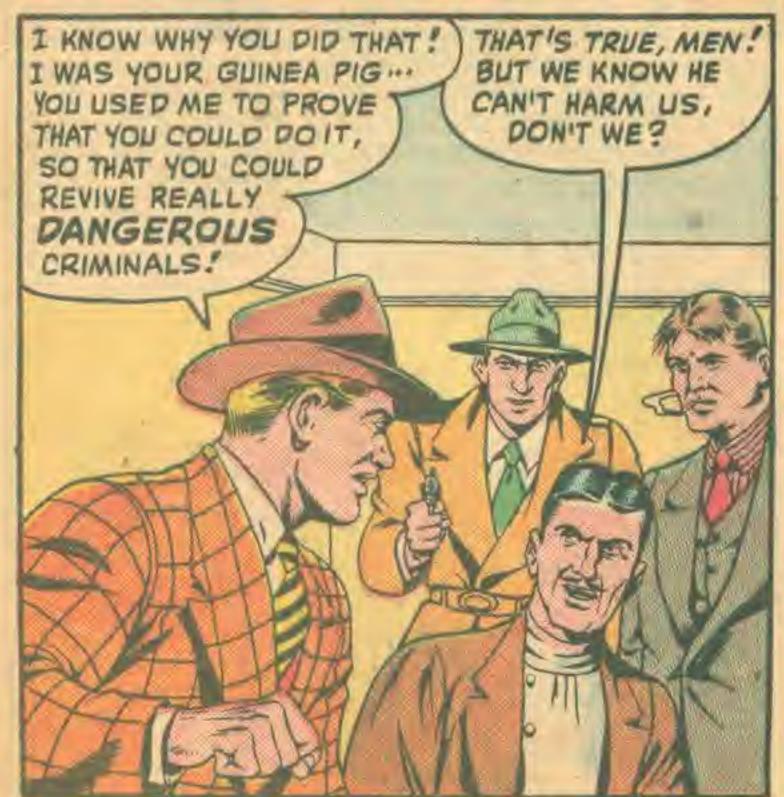


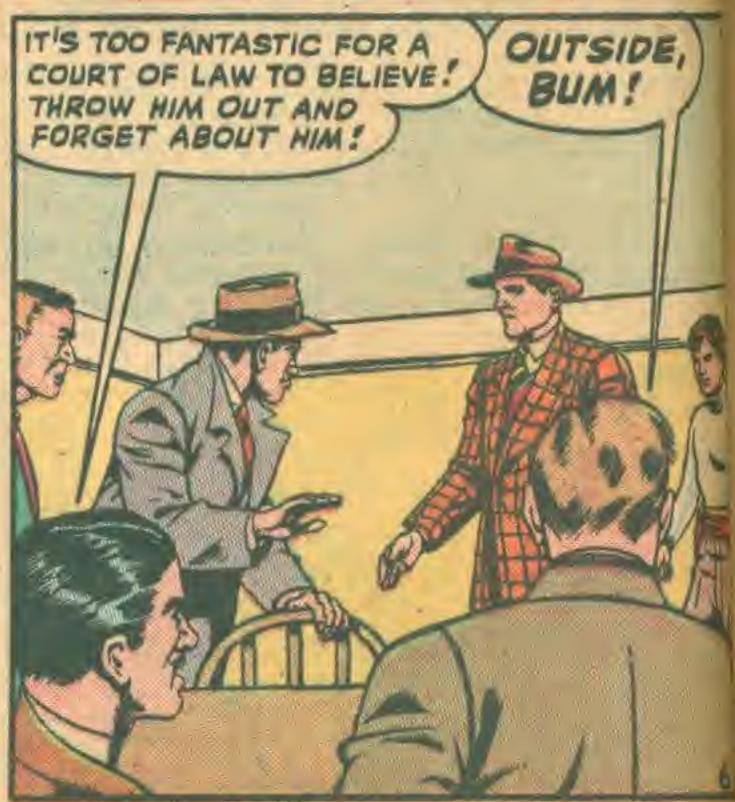








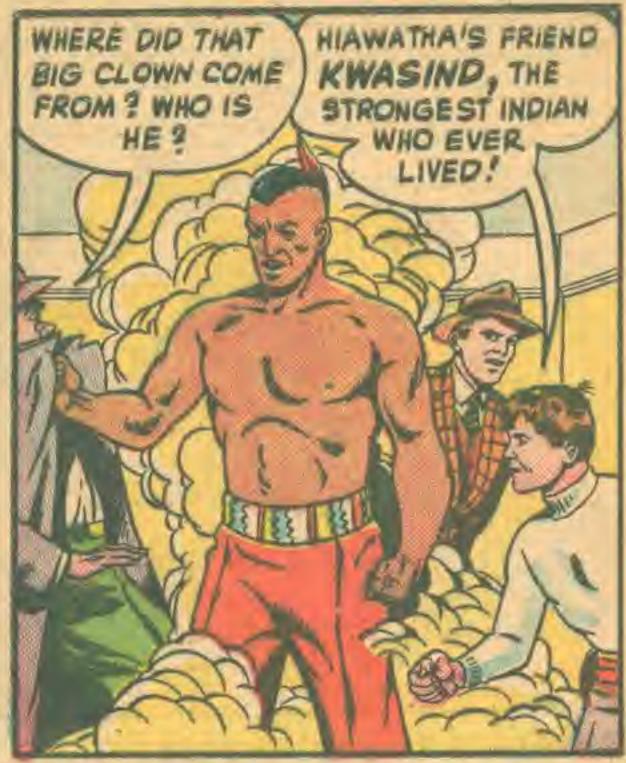




KID ITTENITY











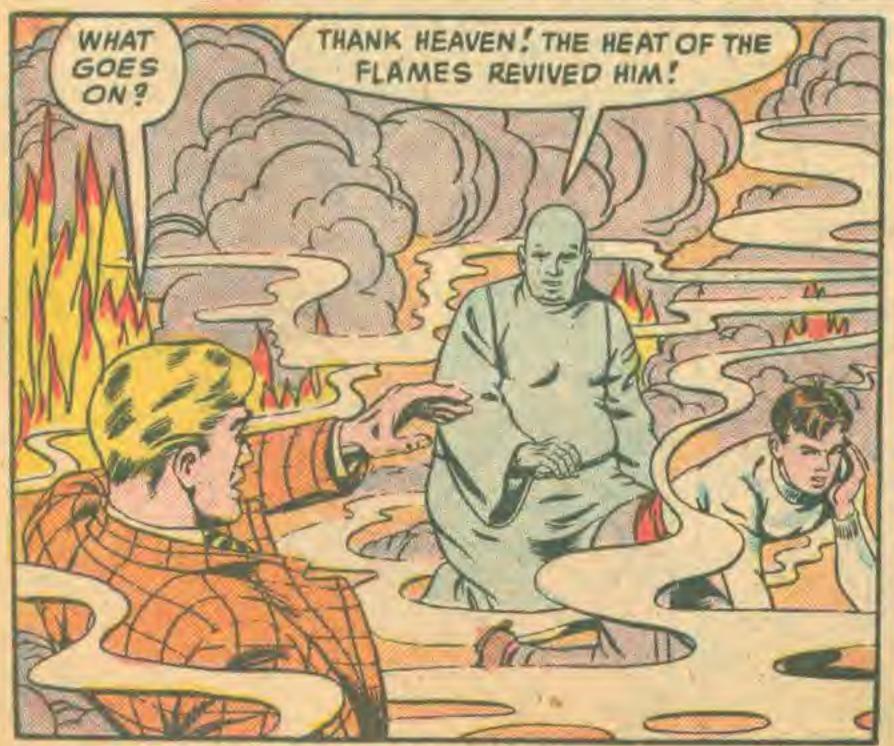
























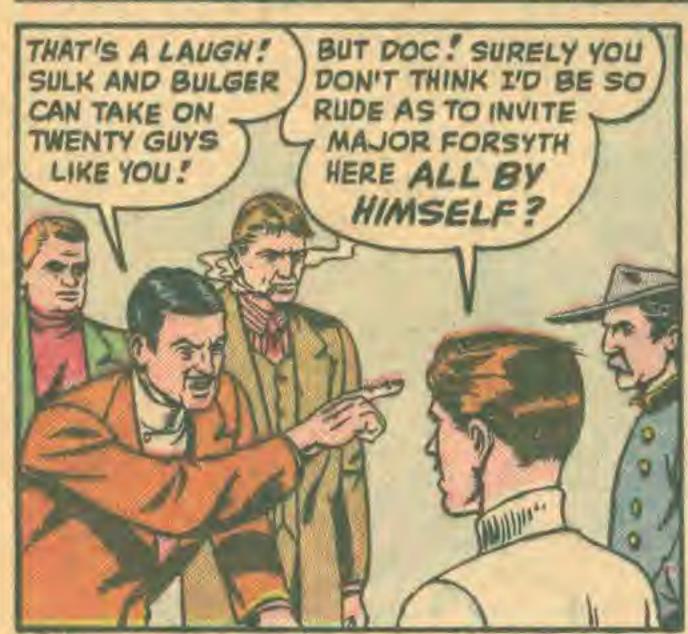


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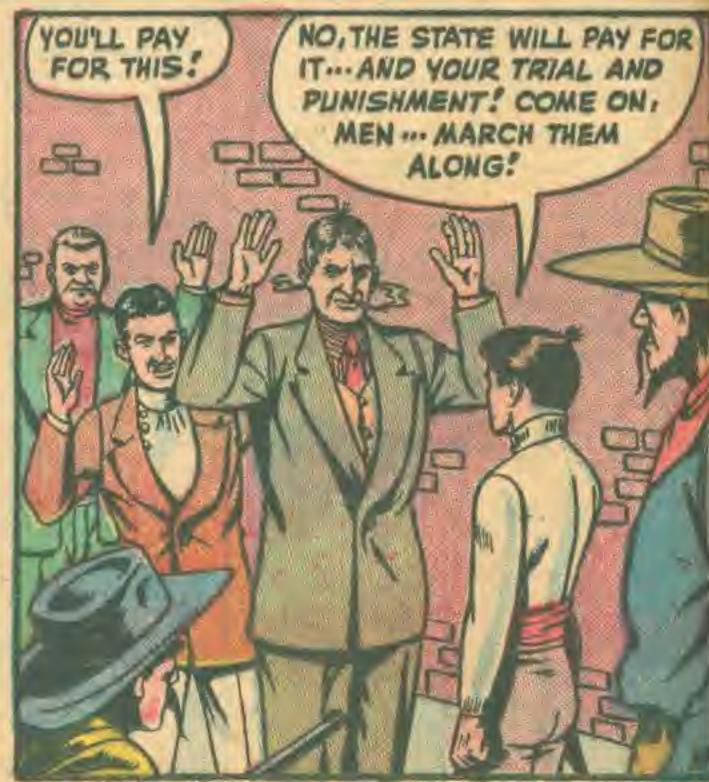










































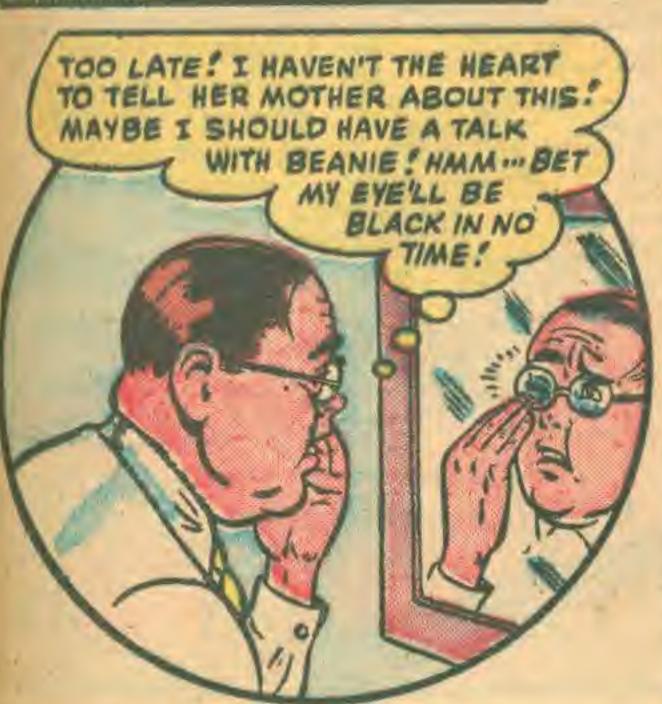




































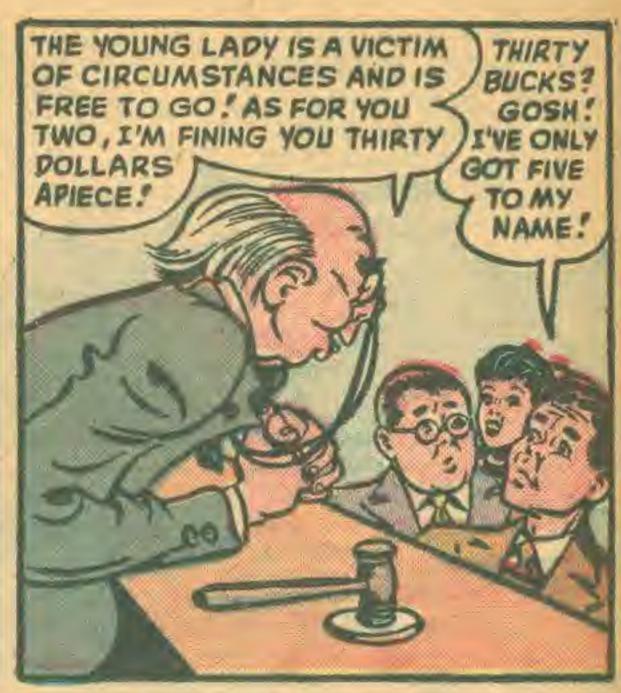
































IN COUNTRY CONTROL

GOWN there, Keep," Kid Eternity said, gesturing from his vantage point on a puffy cloud, "are the ruins of one of the greatest civilizations this land has ever known."

Mr. Keeper sniffed disdainfully. "It doesn't look like much now," he said. "The jungle seems to have grown over most of it. All that's left is that ugly pile of stone. Where are the people?"

"There are still scattered tribes of Aztecs in the mountains," replied the Kid. "Some say they return now and then to their ancient temples to perform the religious rites of their ancestors."

"Let's get away from here," Mr. Keeper urged. "It would be just like you to get mixed up with those bloodthirsty savages."

"Wait," the Kid said. "Aren't those Indians, coming out of the jungle into that clearing in front of the temple?"

"What of it?" Mr. Keeper demanded.

"It won't hurt to ease down just to see what they are doing," the Kid replied.

Kid Eternity slipped over the edge of the cloud and drifted gently down toward the ruins of the Aztec temple. He hovered over the clearing, then floated over to one of the tall jungle trees that bordered it. Sulking, the Keeper followed and perched on a limb beside his charge.

"They're carrying clubs," the Kid observed,
"and some type of pennant." He watched with
interest as about a score of Indians, each carrying a long, curved club, trooped into the level
clearing.

On the far side of the clearing there was a movement in the jungle growth and another band of Indians slipped out. "They are carrying clubs too," Kid Eternity said worriedly. "It looks as if we have stumbled onto a battle between two rival tribes."

"Leave it to you," Mr. Keeper mouned. "If there is trouble anywhere on the face of the globe you'll find it."

When the two bands caught sight of each other both set up a terrific din of blood-curdling shricks, accompanied by much grimacing and waving of the heavy clubs. From each crowd of

capering Indians a single man, bearing a colorful pennant on a long pole, strode to the middle of the clearing.

Impassively the two savages met and exchanged a few words. Then they turned their backs on one another and returned to their howling tribesmen. Each man took his pennant staff and drove it into the ground a few yards from the jungle on his respective side.

"I guess the peace negotiations broke down,"

Kid Eternity said.

"Let's go," Keep cried in alarm. "The battle is about to start and you know how I detest bloodshed."

With an ear-shattering yell the two opposing tribes rushed at each other, brandishing their clubs. They clashed in the center of the clearing. Clubs slashed viciously and bronze figures were dashed to the hard-packed earth.

"I have to do something to stop this," Kid Eternity said grimly. "Those warriors will slaughter one another . . . Eternity."

Standing before them was a bronze-skinned Indian. He wore a brilliant feather cape over his broad shoulders. "You need me, Kid?" he asked in a strangely accented voice.

"Yes, Montezuma," Kid Eternity said, indicating the battle that was going on. "You were the last of the great Aztec chiefs. You can make your subjects listen to reason."

Montezuma turned his keen black eyes to the field of battle. He then looked at Kid Eternity, a slight smile creasing his features. "Why stop the game when neither side has scored?" he asked.

"Game?" Kid Eternity asked in puzzlement.

"Certainly," Montezuma said smiling. "It is a game called La Crosse. These men learned it from their northern neighbors . . . with some variations in the rules, of course."

"That's rich," Keeper chuckled, when they returned to the cloud. "You're so used to trouble you don't recognize a game when you see it."

"Don't rub it in," Kid Eternity said, reddening. "I still say we should have stayed to see which team won."

OTONITES STY

















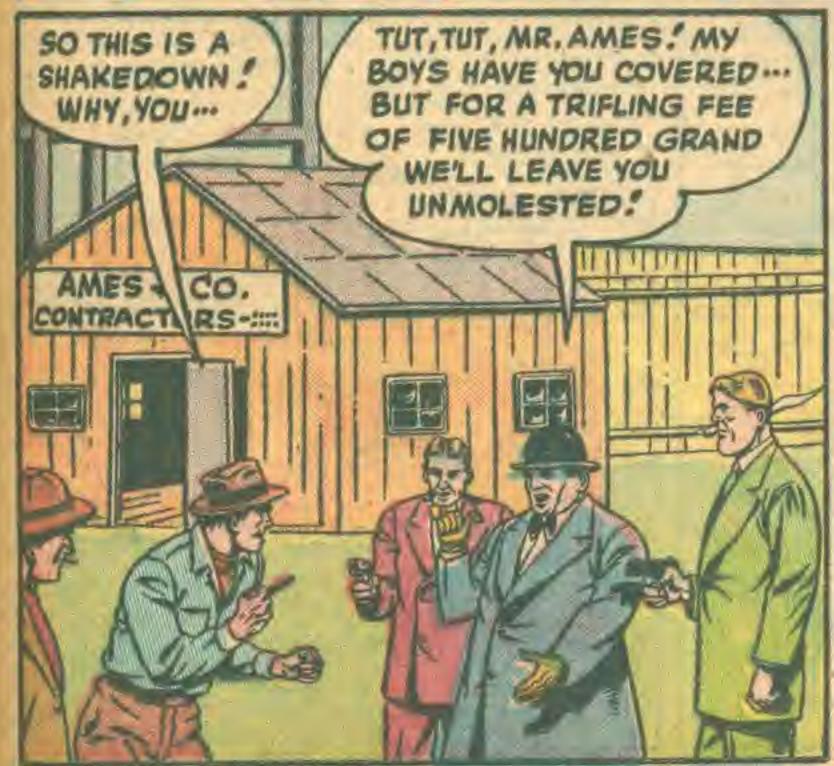
















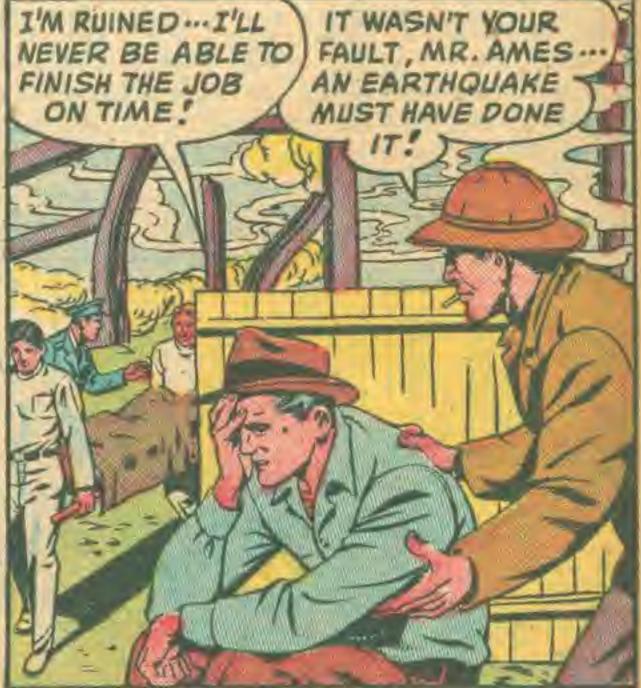








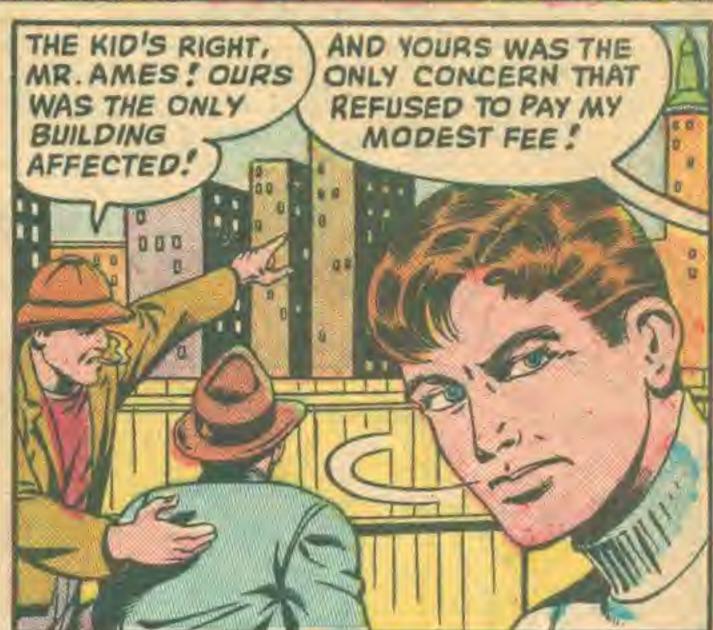


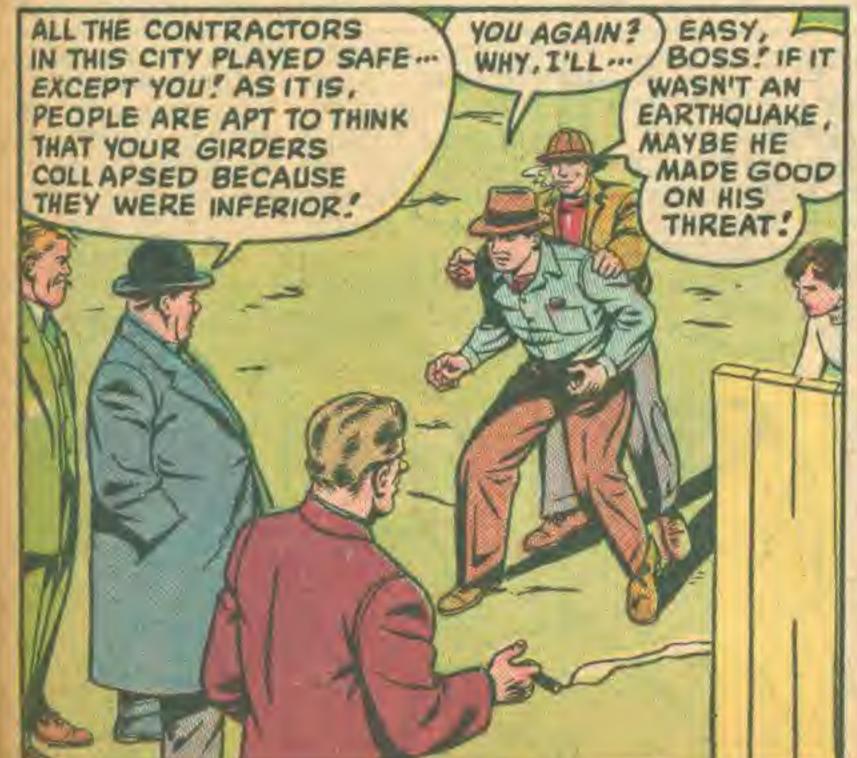


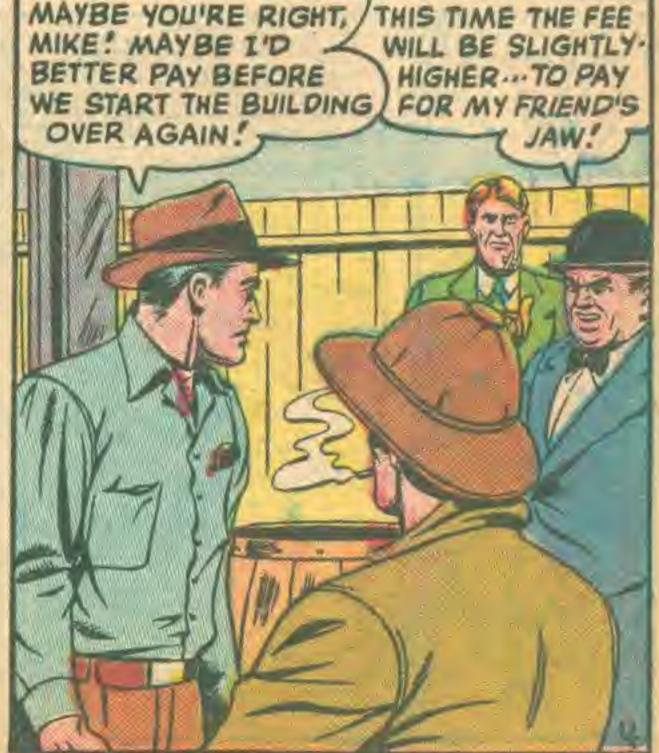














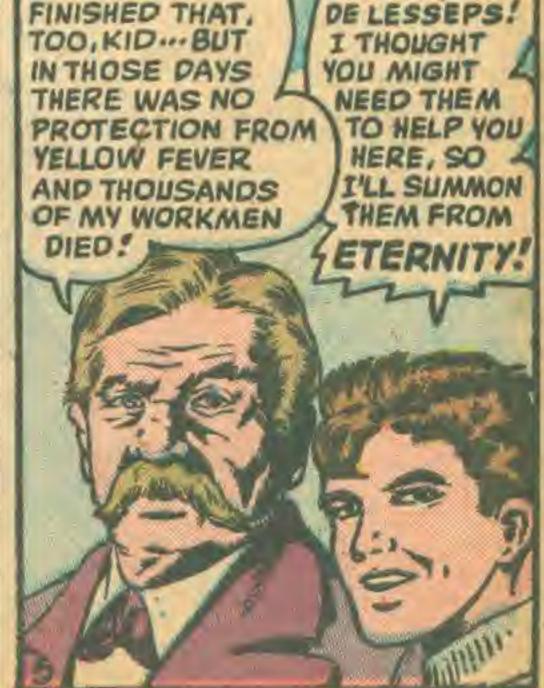






I WOULD HAVE





I KNOW, MR.













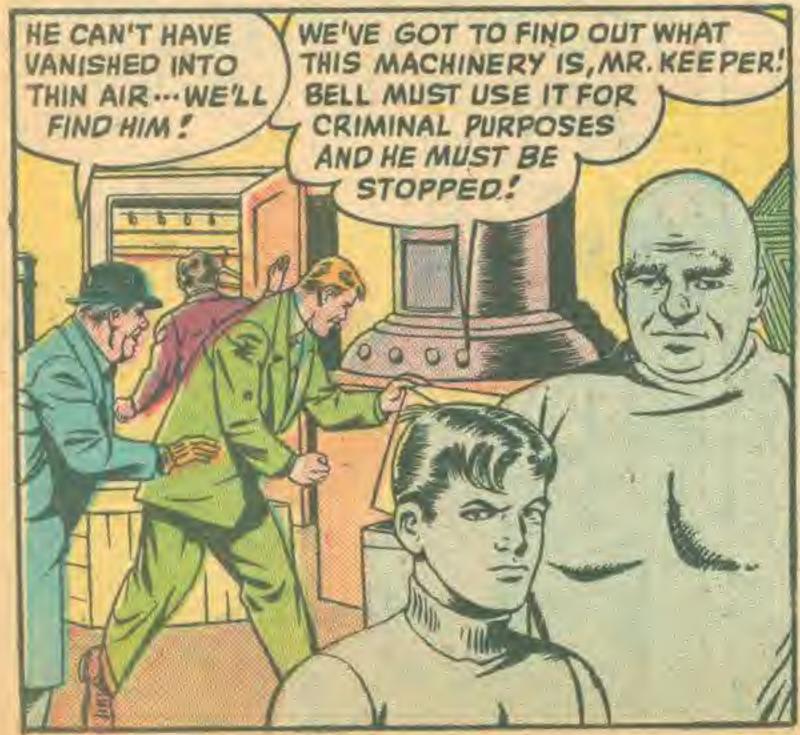




















THE NOISE HAS STOPPED! WHILE































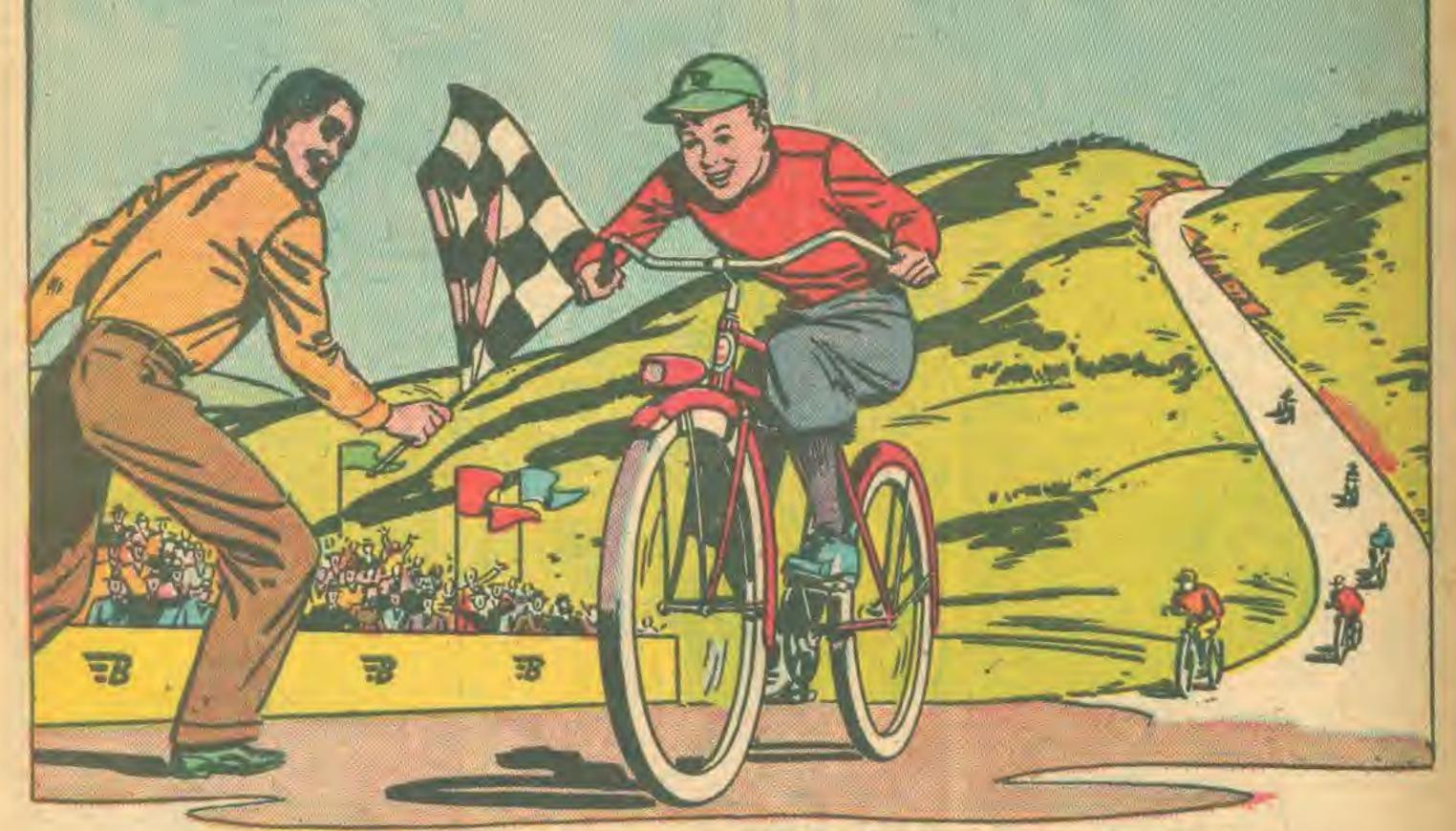




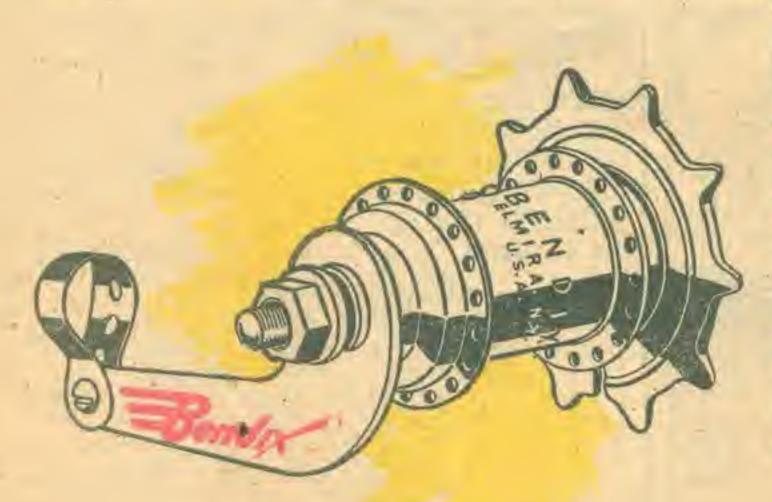




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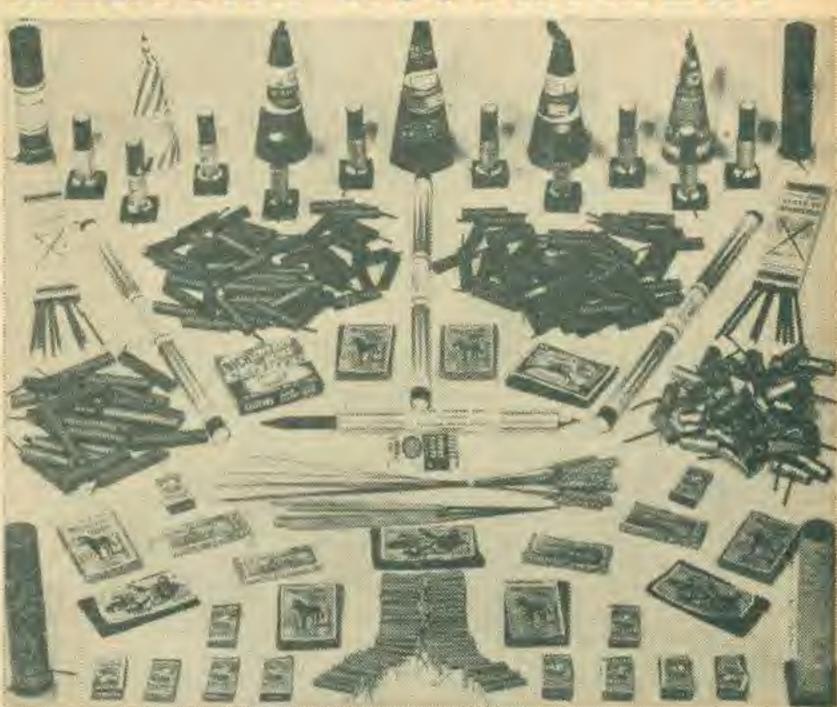


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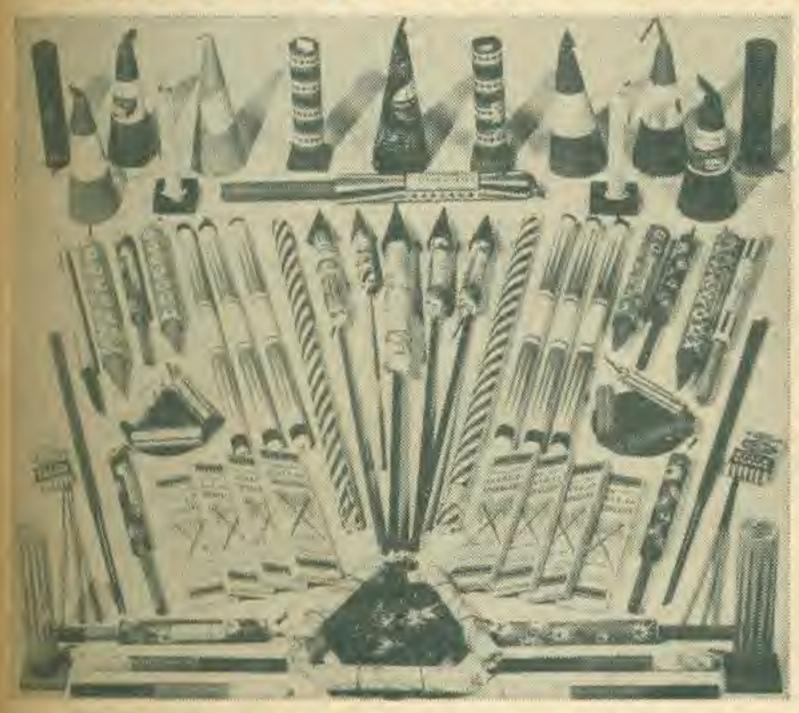
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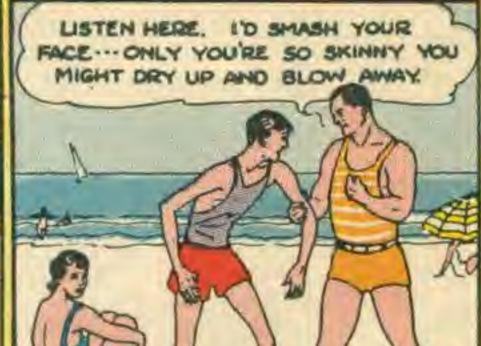
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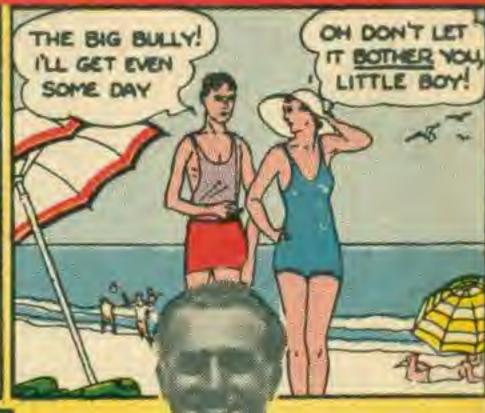
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